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NBC

ADVERTISER SUSTAINING - FARM & HOME HOUR

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS - EPISODE 208 ^{OK}

CHICAGO OUTLET WJZ OUTLET

(2:45-3:00 PM)
TIME

(JULY 17, 1956)
DATE

(FRIDAY)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

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ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers"

MUSIC: Quartet's Ranger's Song

ANNOUNCER: The United States Forest Service is not only concerned with the manifold problems of growing timber and other forest products, but it is intimately associated with the problems of regulation of the flow of streams, the erosion of soil, the protection of valuable farm lands from the devastating of floods, the protection of wildlife of the forests, the safeguarding of public health and our national prosperity.

Wildlife conservation is today becoming a topic of world-wide interest. For many years the Forest Service has carried on extensive work in this field and has developed a thorough system of wildlife management within the National Forests.

And today, as we drop in on the Pine Cone Ranger Station we find that wildlife matters are occupying the attention of Ranger Jim Robbins and his Assistant Jerry Quick. And here they are.



JIM: (FADING IN) Yeah, but just like I was saying -- I want to arrange some game counts this fall on the Forest.

JERRY: Yeah, we mighta get some better estimates of wildlife population than we've got. Too bad we can't line up all the deer on the District and just count noses.

JIM: Yep. Taking a deer census ain't quite as easy as taking census in the city, but we ought to be able to get some pretty close estimates.

JERRY: Sure.

JIM: It takes a lot of time and trouble, but when we get done we've got a basis to work from, when we try to work out the best living conditions for the deer.

BESS: (FADING IN) Who's that you're calling "deer", Jim Robbins?

JIM: (LAUGHING) Talking about you, Bess, weren't we, Jerry?

BESS: Now, I don't believe that at all. What were you talking about, Jerry?

JERRY: (LAUGHING) We were talking about the deer up in the timber, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: Oh, the lovely creatures -- (ANXIOUSLY) Anything wrong with our deer?

JIM: I hope not, Bess. In fact, I think they're doing pretty well.

BESS: That's good -- Now suppose you tell me what you want for dinner today. I'm completely out of ideas --



JIM: Oh, anything'll do, Bess.

JERRY: Whatever you fix will be plenty good enough.

BESS: Oh, you men are no help at all.

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JIM: Wonder who that is? (CALLING OUT) Come in!

BESS: Couldn't you go to the door?

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

JIM: Well, howdy, Mary. Come on in.

MARY: (FADING IN) Hello, everybody.

JERRY & BESS: Hello, Mary.

JERRY: Gee I wasn't expecting you'd come by here this morning, Mary.

MARY: I know you men are awful busy, but I just stopped in on my way to the post office. I thought I ought to tell Mr. Robbins about this morning.

JIM: What's the matter -- Jerry been neglecting you?

MARY: Oh, no, nothing like that, but -- you see, I went for a ride early this morning, and

JIM: Yes?

MARY: And I ran right into that man, Mike Bundy.

JERRY: (HUFFED UP) Look here, did that guy try to.

MARY: Oh no, he didn't even speak to me.

JIM: What was it made you think you ought to tell us about him, Mary?

MARY: Well, maybe it's nothing at all, -- but it seemed to me that he acted sort of sneaking -- like he didn't want anybody to see him up there --

JIM: Hmm.

MARY: And he was carrying a rifle.

JIM: Had a rifle, huh. Ham -- wonder if that fellow's started poaching again.

BESS: That man is an everlasting plague to this district.

JIM: Yep, it wouldn't be the first time he'd shot our deer out of season. Where was it you saw him, Mary?

MARY: It was on the trail along Winding Creek.

JERRY: That's inside the boundaries of our Game refuge, Jim.

JIM: Yep. It is.

JERRY: Poachin's bad enough, but that guy Bundy'll shoot anything, whether he needs meat or not. Just a plain killer -- that's what he is.

JIM: Easy, Jerry, we don't know that he's done anything he shouldn't yet. Anyhow, Mary, I appreciate your lettin' me know about seeing him. Jerry and I will have to be going up that way pretty soon and we'll keep on the watch.

JERRY: (VIGOROUSLY) That suits me fine. I'd sure like to catch him shooting our deer in the refuge.

JIM: Always achin' for a scrap, ain't you, son?

JERRY: It makes me sore. (DOWN A NOTCH) ...well...well, anyway.

BESS: How soon are you going, Jim?

JIM: Guess we better go up today, Bess.

BESS: Jim, you'll be careful, won't you? Every time that Mike Bundy...

JIM: Of course we'll be careful, Bess. And don't you worry. Like as not Mike Bundy isn't up to anything out of the way. You folks pick on poor old Mike everytime something goes wrong around here.

BESS: And he usually is mixed up in anything that goes wrong.

JIM: Well, we'll be on the watch.

MUSIC: (TRANS)

SOUND: (FADE IN HORSES HOOFS)

JIM: (FADING IN) Suppose we turn off the trail about here, Jerry. I want to take a look at that salt lick we fixed up for the deer.

JERRY: Okay

JIM: We'll ride a piece into the timber and leave the horses.

JERRY: Can't we ride up to it?

JIM: Yep, we could, but I want to kinda have a look at the ground along the way.

JERRY: Sure. I get it. You might find something.

JIM: Whoa, Dolly!

JERRY: Whoa, Spark!

SOUND: (HOOFS STOP)

JIM: We'll leave 'em right here and walk the rest of the way.
(FADING)



SOUND: (SHARP CRACK OF RIFLE IN DISTANCE)

JERRY: What was that?

JIM: Easy, son. Not so loud.

JERRY: It sounded like a rifle.

JIM: (SOTTO VOICE) That's what it was. And close, too.

JERRY: (S.V.) Hear anything more?

JIM: (S.V.) Nope, but I reckon we'd better find out who that is. Come on-- We'll start moving up toward that break in the timber up ahead of us there. That's where it came from, I think.

JERRY: (S.V.) Sounded like it.

JIM: (S.V.) Keep an eye out, Jerry. We may be wrong about that shot coming from up ahead.

JERRY: (S.V.) You can't tell very well.

JIM: (S.V.) Wait a minute. What was that?

JERRY: (S.V.) I didn't hear anything.

JIM: (S.V.) Listen-- Over there, at the edge of the clearing.

JERRY: (S.V.) That's our man. He's comin' this way. Come on!

JIM: (S.V.) Take it easy, son.

JERRY: (S.V.) Look, Jim. He's limpin' bad.

JIM: (NORMAL VOICE) Yeah, come on. Looks like Mike Bundy.

(FADING AS YOU SHOUT) Hey!..Hey, there!

JERRY: (FADING IN) It is Bundy

JIM: (FADING IN) What's the matter, Mike?

MIKE: (OFF) Nothin'...I ain't needin' no help from no Rangers.



JIM: What's wrong with that leg?

MIKE: (UP-SURLY) Notthin'.

JIM: Mesbe not, but it looks like you won't get home on it very easy. Sit down, Mike, let's see.

MIKE: LEAVE me be. I tell Yuh.

JERRY: (RILED) Let him go, Jim. If he thinks he can...

JIM: (SHARPLY) All right Jerry. Get me that first aid kit out of the bag.

JERRY: Okay! I'll get it.

MIKE: Look here, Ranger. I can take care of myself all right, I aint asking no help from you fellers.....

JIM: Sit down, Bundy. Put that gun down and straighten out your leg.

MIKE: Now you looky here, Ranger. I ain't got no.....

JIM: Shot clean through the leg. Hmm... Feel like it's broken?

MIKE: I dunno. It hurts like...

JIM: Here, hold still. I wanta get off that boot.

MIKE: Hey, what's the idear...them boots. ..

JIM: Looks like it might be pretty bad, Bundy. Hold still now.

MIKE: (GROANS)

JIM: That's a bad one, Mike. We gotta get you back to town as quick as we can.

JERRY: (FADE IN FAST) Here you are, Jim.

JIM: Open it up, Jerry.

JERRY: Gee, this sure looks like May 1, 1967, huh?

MIKE: Wasn't someone there I was told? Well, all right, I'll give you a hand or something.

JERRY: Don't you have a wife or two kids?

MIKE: Yeah, but it wasn't... (SUSPICIOUS) Well, I reckon it ain't none of your business.

(SHOUTING) Oh, well. Hey, what's the deal?

JIM: Easy, Mike. Take it easy. That's a bad hole you got there. Pretty bad. I was thinkin' it looks about the same size as a hole I was in the process of a-
dear up here one time.

MIKE: (QUICKLY DEFENSIVE) You ain't got nothing on me, Ranger. There's lotsa deer here in this country.

JIM: Sure, I know. Gimme that tape, Jerry. Brother, the horses, Jerry, we've got to get Mike into town to Doc Peters' quick as we can.

JERRY: (FADING) Okay, Jim, I'll bring you up-

MUSIC (TRANS)

VOICE: (FADING IN) Well, Benzy, you gotta be around on time, let's again pretty quick now, if you'll take care of it.

MIKE: All right, Doc.

VOICE: But you sure were lucky that Ranger Jim brought you right in. If poison had set in -- Say Jim, that was a nice job of first aid. You do that?



JIM: Yep. Just a temporary bandage, that's all.

VOICE: Best job. You should have been a doctor instead of a Ranger.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) I reckon I's bandier at cussin' trees than people, Doc. (ALL LAUGH) Well, so long, Doctor. We'll have to leave Mike Bundy in your care.

VOICE: So long, Jim.

JIM: We'll be leavin' you now, Bundy -- but when you get going on that leg again, I want to have a talk with you. I want to know how you happened to be up in our game refuge carryin' a gun.

MIKE: Huh? (SURLY) I reckon I kin pack a gun if I wanta.

JIM: That all depends, Mike. Well, so long.

MIKE: Goin' now, are yuh?

JIM: (SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE) Yep. Gotta be leavin', Mike. Got work to do.

MIKE: Hey, wait a minute.

JIM: (OFF) What is it, Bundy?

MIKE: Well, I wanta -- I wanta -- Well, thanks, Ranger.

JIM: (UP) Forget it, Mike. Glad to help you out.

MIKE: Well, I want yuh to know I'm grateful to yuh. The Doc says if it wasn't for you, I'd a lost a leg or sumethin'. An' say.

JIM: Yes.

MIKE: I reckon I've been givin' yuh a lotta trouble up on the Forest, ain't on?



JIM: Yep, I guess you have, Mike.

MIKE: Well, I--uh--I was up in the Forest after deer hunt today-- it's agin' the law, I know, but that's what I was a doin' up there. I jist thought I'd tell yuh.

JIM: I knew well enough what you were up there for, Mike.

MIKE: You could of left me up there with a hole in my leg, an' said I was no more'n gettin' my jist desserts.

JIM: We wouldn't want to do that, Mike.

MIKE: Well, I jist thought I'd tell yuh -- I - I ain't aimin' to give yuh no more trouble, Ranger.

JIM: Mike, I've been hoping for a long time to get you to see things that way. And I think you'll find that playing the game square works out best after all.

(FADEOUT-MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers is presented by the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service

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